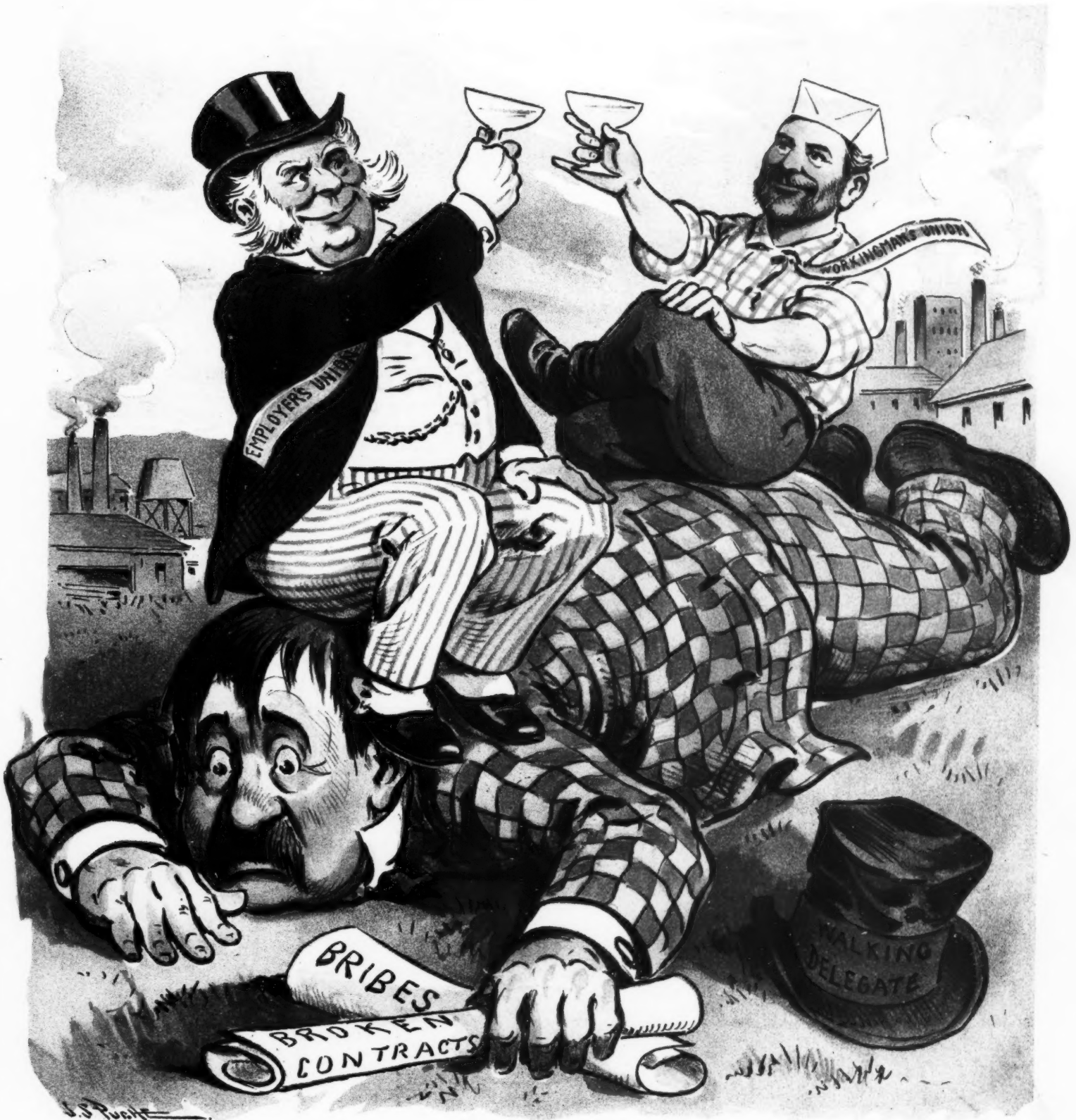
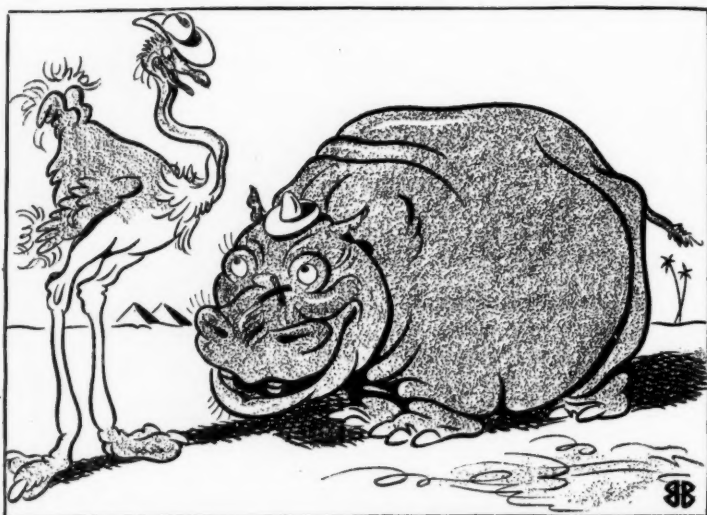


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IN UNIONS THERE IS STRENGTH!



ALONG THE NILE.

THE OSTRICH.—I hear that a trolley car ran into you the other day.

THE HIPPO.—Yes; the company is suing me for damages.

ONE BETTER.

CASTLETON.—Doing much now?
CLINKER.—In what?
CASTLETON.—In the street, of course.
CLINKER.—Why, no. Are you interested down there?
CASTLETON (*carelessly*).—Oh, I pull out a few thousands now and then.
CLINKER.—I never had money enough.
CASTLETON.—Yes, it does take some capital. Still, a good deal depends on acquaintance.
CLINKER.—You are acquainted, then?
CASTLETON.—Oh, I know some of the boys. I'm on the inside. I was in on Central for twenty points.
CLINKER.—Suppose you had a few hundred shares.
CASTLETON.—I never buy in hundred share lots. Always by the thousand. Saves time, you know.
CLINKER.—So it does. But don't you ever lose?
CASTLETON.—Oh, at times. Still, five or ten thou. more or less—
CLINKER.—Of course. A mere bagatelle. By the way, who are your brokers?
CASTLETON.—Mingen & Co.
CLINKER.—Oho! So it's you they're backing?
CASTLETON.—Why, certainly! That is—
CLINKER.—That's a great relief.
CASTLETON.—What is?
CLINKER.—That it's you. They came to me yesterday and borrowed four millions, and I feel now that my money is perfectly safe.
Tom Masson.

AN IMPROVEMENT.

"I understand that the South Dakota divorce laws are to be amended."

"In what way?"

"The courts are to be compelled to furnish maps showing where the decrees are valid."

CONSISTENCY.

MRS. KAMPUS.—But how came you to decide to send your son to Yale?

MRS. GREEN.—Oh! I thought Yale would be more appropriate than Harvard because of Reginald's blue blood.

MANY A GOOD novel has been founded on facts, and many a good newspaper story has foundered on facts.

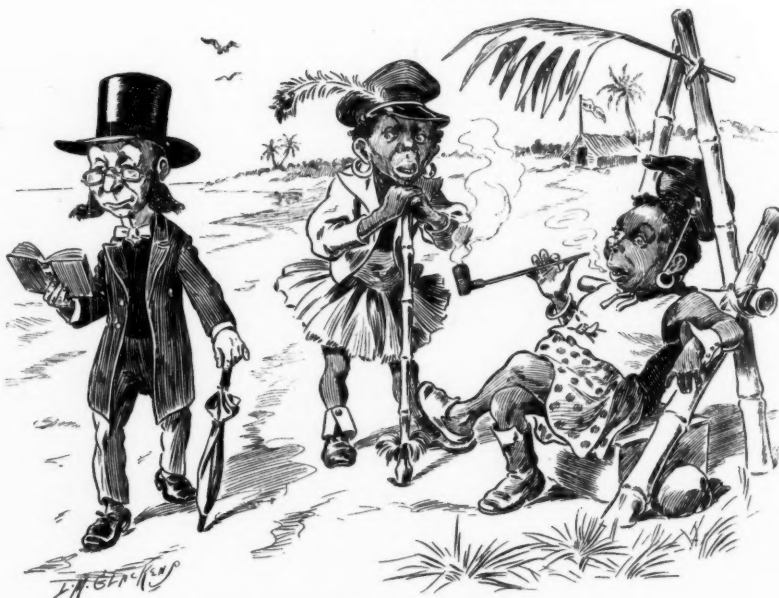
ECONOMICAL.

WOULD you know why love departs?
Why so short its stay?

Cupid's careful of his darts—
Throws not one away;

First, he brings a heart down; then
He retrieves the same—
Plucks the shaft to use again
On some fresher game!

Frank Preston Smart.



IN DARKEST AFRICA.

THE KING.—And the missionary is learning our language?

THE CROWN PRINCE.—Yes; but he speaks it with a Presbyterian accent.

At any rate, when *Might* attempts to make *Right*, the job never seems thoroughly artistic.

PUCK



ALREADY ASTONISHED.

MR. CITIMAN.—Never been to New York, eh? Well, it would surprise you to see the business that 's done there.

FARMER ELDERBERRY.—Yes; and it surprises me to see some of the folks that helps to do it.

MATERIAL.

The director of athletics smiled a glad smile that made his broken face almost beautiful.

"We shall have a great foot-ball team in 1920," he said. "During the past year there have been born in this country thirty babies weighing upwards of fifteen pounds at birth, and of these seventeen are pledged to matriculate at our university."

Increase in salary? Not necessarily. If one delights in one's work, one does not think much about pay in the ordinary sense.

FIT.

"In this commercial age, a man is reckoned useless after he is forty-five."

"How very wrong!"

"Wholly wrong! Why, a man who has taken any kind of care at all of himself can lunch as quickly at fifty as he could at thirty, or about as quick, at least."

THE TROUBLE with some people is that they allow themselves to be discouraged by criticism, and the trouble with others is that they do not.

HER RIGHT.

When she reproached him with coming home later than usual, he weakly offered to let her smell his breath. She brushed him aside.

"You've been buying a new necktie for yourself!" she cried, looking through and through his guilty heart.

Of course she was hurt; for she knew her rights and was a woman of spirit withal.

DESPERATE.

"Convicted of stealing sheep? And he used to be one of your best citizens!"

"Henry was that, so," said the Southron, sadly. "But nobody blames Henry. Bein' one of ouah best citizens, he was about all the time bein' called on to pahticipate in some lynchin', suh, till he nach'ly could n't 'tend to his private business. Henry had to do somethin', suh!"

"THE MOST that can be said of success," observed the man with a pessimistic tinge, "is that it is not always as disappointing as failure."



AT THE SUMMER MEETING.

ETHEL.—Did Ferdy win on that last race?

EDITH.—I judge so. I saw him apologizing to the bookmaker!



UNDESIRABLE COMPLICATIONS.

"And were n't you glad when Grandpa proposed, Grandma?"
 "Why, of course, my dear!"
 "I should think so. It would have been very awkward if he had married out of our family, would n't it, Grandma?"

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER AT THE KUTISNEK ARMS.

Being a Page from the Annals of Kutisnek Castle.

HERE WAS excitement in the village when a dashing-looking stranger, well-garbed and well-mounted, rode up to the Kutisnek Arms just as night was falling and demanded, in the tone of one who knew not refusal, the best room in the inn. Many were the speculations as to who he was and whence and why he came, for Kutisnek was off the line of traffic, and strange travelers were events.

"Whoever 'e may be," asserted the tapster, early the next morning, "'e's a fine gentleman. That Hi well knows."

"Much you knows habout it," growled the hostler. "No one 'ere 'as seen the color of 'is money yet."

"Nathless; 'e's a fine gentleman," insisted the tapster. "Saw ye not 'ow 'e kicked the Boots and kissed the maid? And drink? Well, Hi 've turned tap in this room for a good long time, and Hi never saw 'is better. A bowl that would serve for three 'e made hall 'is own before 'e quit last night, and then carried his own candle hupstairs and got to bed without setting anything afire." This overwhelming evidence of the stranger's good breeding none could controvert. Even the hostler was forced to accept it.

"'E 'as got a good 'orse," he admitted, grudgingly.



THE ONLY EXCEPTION.

MRS. TIPPLIN (*angrily*).—Well! It's about time you come out of that tavern. I s'pose you 'd rather miss a car than a drink any time?

MR. TIPPLIN.—Not this time, darling! It was *my* turn to buy when you called me.

"'E 's a city gent," said Boots; "Hi can tell by 'is leather."

"Aye, 'e 'as city ways," agreed the tapster.

The stranger demonstrated his city ways by sleeping late into the morning, and when his bell did finally ring, Boots came back to the tap room almost immediately with an order for brandy and water.

"Will you 'ave your bath, sir," I says to 'im," said Boots, in explanation.

"To be sure, my man," says 'e; "but hinside first. Let the tub come hafter the glass, and, hodsfish, be quick habout it before Hi crumble hinside!"

All doubt about the stranger's gentility were now removed, and when he entered the room he was treated with the distinguished consideration due to his station. After he had disposed of a double rasher of bacon, with eggs to match, several liberal slices of cold ham and cold beef, the better part of a loaf of soggy bread and a pot of tea, as is the breakfast custom of well-to-do gentlemen, he called for pen, ink and paper, and set himself to writing. But his task was brief, and in a short time he rang for Boots.

"Take this note to Lord Kutisnek at the castle," the stranger commanded, "and tell him that I await his pleasure at the inn."

"Yes, sir; and what name shall Hi say, sir?"

"You won't say any name. Neither will he. Always remem-

The idle rumor seems willing enough to get busy.

PUCK

ber, my man, never to do more than you are told, and so avoid over-work."

Thus saying the stranger turned and entered the tap room, but came out again immediately, muttering: "Not till after I've closed the transaction with his lordship, for it may hap that all my wits will be needed then; but after—"

"It's hi! and away,
And a merry day
With an eagle's flight
To a jolly night!"

And the stranger, humming this merry refrain, stretched himself on the bench in front of the inn and watched the gardner on the other side of the road trimming the hedge to geometrical proportions. The exercise seemed to do him good.

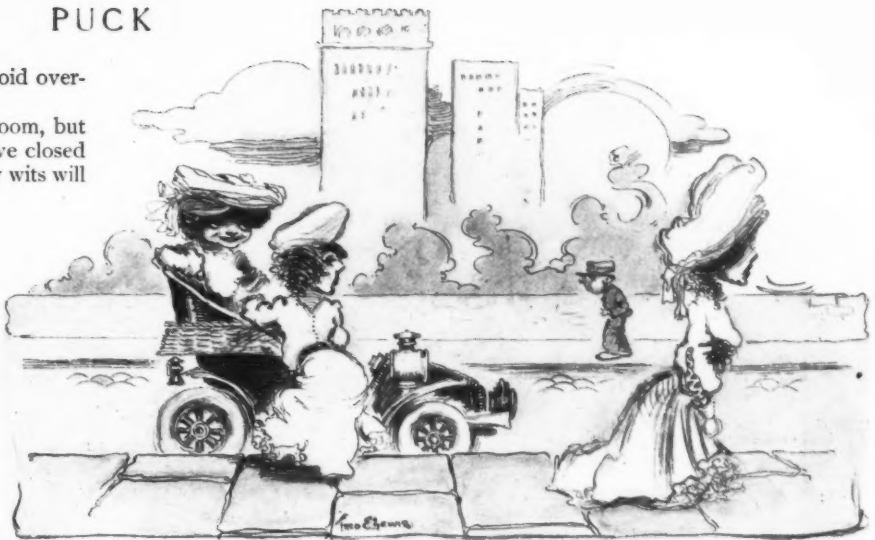
"Aye, but 'e must be a great gentleman when 'e sends a note to 'is lordship and gives no name," thought Boots, as he trudged along the road toward Kutisnek castle. It was an errand that he did not dislike, for the tap at Kutisnek was very good, and there was always plenty of it.

So good did he find it this time that it seemed to him he had hardly got settled to enjoy himself when one of Lord Kutisnek's hired men instructed him to say to the stranger that his lordship would be at the inn at two o'clock with everything necessary.

This news so mightily pleased the gentleman at the inn that he had a pint of bitter drawn for Boots and put down to his own score. Boots thought it might have been stout, considering the length of his walk; but perhaps the gentleman knew best.

Two o'clock sharp brought his lordship alone. He found the stranger waiting for him on the bench in front of the inn. They greeted each other formally, but did not shake hands. Lord Kutisnek himself lifted the saddlebags, which seemed rather heavy, from his horse, and carried them with him when he entered the inn with the stranger. The two gentlemen were closeted together about half-an-hour. When they appeared Lord Kutisnek was still carrying his saddlebags and wore a look of triumphant cunning. He at once called for his horse.

"I shall be here several days," said the stranger as his lordship was about to ride away, "for I am weary with a deal of travel, and



THE ELEMENT OF COST.

"Bah! Her husband is only a cheap duke."

"Don't be uncharitable. Perhaps he was the most expensive duke to be had at the time."

the fine air and quiet of this beautiful place will do much to recuperate me. I trust I shall have the honor of seeing you again."

Lord Kutisnek bowed stiffly as he rode away, but displayed no eagerness for a second meeting.

As soon as his lordship was out of sight around a bend in the road the stranger entered the tap room and called for a long, strong drink. Raising his glass high he thus toasted himself:

"Here 's to us! We're the only people, and may there always be plenty of good things!"

And with this cordial wish for the welfare of mankind, he ordered his horse saddled at once and went to his room. In a few minutes he emerged with his kit packed. He at once mounted, and tossing a purse to the innkeeper, said:

"If Lord Kutisnek asks for me pray tell him that I was quite expectedly called away."

And with a merry laugh he clapped spurs to his horse and was gone, nor was he ever seen in Kutisnek after that day.

Just as the sun was going down the people of the inn were startled by the terrific clatter of hoofs

down the road. The innkeeper had barely got to the door to look out when Lord Kutisnek, accompanied by two men-at-arms, dashed up.

"Where is the stranger?" his lordship cried, as he flung himself from his horse.

"An' it please your lordship," replied the innkeeper, apologetically, "he rode away shortly after you left this afternoon, saying that if you asked for him we were to tell you that he was quite expectedly called away."

"Perdition!" howled his lordship, as he stamped his foot and ground his teeth.

"Is there anything wrong, your lordship?" tremblingly asked the innkeeper.

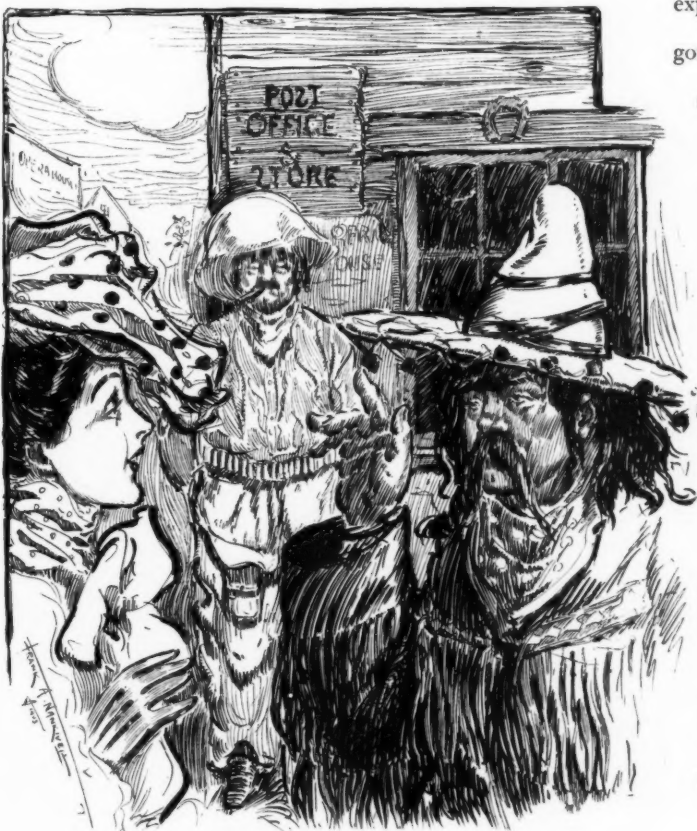
"Wrong?" exclaimed his lordship with a roar. "Why, the bloomin' brick 's nothing but brass!"



AN ENTHUSIAST.

"The Professor is deeply interested in insects, is n't he?"
"Oh, yes. He'd rather investigate a mosquito than swat it."

Wood Levette Wilson.



IN FROZEN DOG.

TOURIST.—Did you—er—ever shoot a man?

BRONCO BILL.—No, lady. I've plugged a few Indians, greasers, an' dudes, but I never killed a human!

THE DOG'S POINT OF VIEW.

THE ANGORA.—Do you think our young mistress is in love?

THE POODLE.—I'm certain of it. It's a case of love me, love my beau, now.

PUCK



WELL EQUIPPED.

SHE.—I don't see why women should be inferior to men as anglers.

HE.—Of course not. With their conversational ability, they ought to tell first-class fish stories.

With the most of those who marry, money is no object; neither is it an objection.



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

EDUCATION, THE CURE-ALL. BLACK men of late have been showered with attentions. They have been the subject of some very earnest addresses. And they have formed the center of some very revolting cruelties. Of the addresses, the keynote was education. Educate the black man, lift him out of his present unfortunate state and in a large measure he will cease to be a problem. Likewise lynch law will become inoperative. Indeed, so confidently and convincingly is this plan proposed that one is curious to know how the mobs of Wilmington and Evansville would have been influenced by it, had the educators of the negro completed their task. Only a few will claim that, educated, the negro would be criminally immune, as it is a deplorable fact that thus far even the white race, possessed though it be of schools and colleges and private tutors, is continually producing evil-doers, with the end of the supply by no means in sight. Therefore, when we intimate, buoyantly though indirectly, that a framed diploma hung in a black suspect's cell would nonplus a hostile mob and cause it to retreat in dire confusion, we credit culture with far too much power. For inasmuch as crime and its commission are not confined to the ignorant, a black man's mental development would not necessarily sanctify him. Nor, as in the case of Wilmington and Evansville, would it infallibly postpone a lynching or a stake-burning, even though the mob's black victim knew his Euclid by heart and could read Dante in the original. The education of the negro is extremely desirable. But at present, when the already highly educated white man is defying law, breaking into jails and gun shops, instituting local reigns of terror and committing the most medieval atrocities in his frenzied contempt for the rights of others, it would seem that the black man is not alone in his want of advanced refinement. Nor does it appear that, educated to the average white level, he would be so very high up after all.

THE TRIUMPHANT MOSQUITO.

REPORTS FROM various points make a specialty of the mosquito. From late accounts, he is patronizing no particular section at the expense of another but displays for all an impartial regard. This is especially significant, not to say mortifying, in a season so carefully entrenched against his coming as the present one. Folks who preserve their illustrated supplements will be able to refer with ease to certain edifying half-tones, grouped effectively and labelled, "The Extermination of the Mosquito." Most of these views, be it recalled, were taken last Spring in the vicinity of New York and within the focus, experts were seen at work with dredge, rake and oil-can. They were making it awkward, it was said, for mosquitoes to breed. Several months passed and now, if one but listens closely, one may hear at evening a trace of subdued, insectile laughter; a trace great or slight in proportion to the nearest swamp's proximity. It is a momentous year for the mosquito. He has demonstrated, and clearly, that those whom humans would destroy, they should not first make mad. Further, he has displaced the tale of Bruce and the spider with a far more thrilling narrative of patience rewarded. Scores of times did the oil brigade his premises defile; and on each occasion, with admirable discipline and a growing family, he moved. With his ultimate triumph, we are all

of us familiar. And despite our need of self control and cooling applications, we wish him well.

HEAT AND THE YELLOWS.

THE STORY of the journalist and his thermometer, though publicly unconfirmed, very aptly summarizes a growing summer evil. It is said of the journalist, whose hue may readily be divined, that he first searched diligently for the hottest nook near his office. Successful in his quest, he set the thermometer down, held a lighted match beneath the bulb and then dexterously photographed it for publication before the mercury had chance to descend. This, during the recent hot spell. The photograph, so far as we know, has not been published, but its typographical parallels were issued daily. Nothing so awakens the energies of yellow journalism as hot weather. When other men wilt, the yellow journalist blooms. It is he who supplies the stifled throng of the tenements with the news of "no relief in sight." It is he who sends to the breathless and exhausted the first bulletin of "more torridity to come." It is he who, watchful of "the common people's" welfare, circulates among them the warmest heat and the wettest humidity that ingenuity or scare-head writers can invent. The dull, prosaic words of the Weather Bureau he inoculates with his own vigor and quickly dispels from the minds of the suffering all lingering hope of a cooler night. This he does moreover in the early morning editions so that nagging doubt may be permanently removed. In other words, and stripping off disguises, he gives fever to the feverish, insomnia to the sleepless and oftentimes death to the dying. His hourly messages of panic and hysteria are the sun's best allies in its grim work of prostration. Therefore, it makes but little difference whether, with a match, he heated his office thermometer or not. In the larger task of heating the hapless, the smaller prank may easily have been overlooked.

HIS OPINION.

FARMER HONK.—Hoh! Roosevelt is goin' to be re-elected, all right enough; so what 's the use o' all 'this hoorawin' for him now? Hi SPRY.—Well, I've noticed that the sooner you git into the band-wagon the farther you can ride.

A COMMON AFFLICTION.

"How 's he fixed?"
"Oh, he has the usual strawberry appetite and prune income."



HARD LUCK

ETHEL.—Yes! The poor chap has lost his money but not his friends!
EDITH.—Ah! That is what you might call a double misfortune!

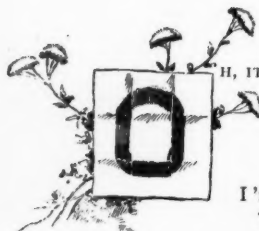
AT THE STAKE.





PUCK

WHEN HIMSELF COMES BACK.



OH, IT'S he that's comin' back again—I've got the letter read—
(Oh, Mary send the sea be still and see the ship be sound!)
He's comin' from America, me fine, black curly head,
And I thought before this day would dawn 't was I'd
be under ground.
I'm laughin' like and cryin' like and never stroke I do—
The neighbors troopin' through the door have left the
green a track;
It's "Good morning, Mary Murphy. It's great news we have of you—
You'll be the proud old woman when Himself comes back."

Oh, the little, barefoot, bold gossoon, he's comin' back again—
(Oh, lad, I almost raised the keen the day I watched you go.)
And he's comin' back a six-foot man to me that's like a wren,
With pound notes in the hand of him and linen like the snow.
It's I've put out his father's chair and scrubbed it till it shone,
And his father's pipe (God save us!) lying filled upon the rack;
There'll be no poor widow woman sittin' here at night alone
And cryin' in her tea cup when Himself comes back.

I'm sleepin' none and eatin' none and countin' up the days—
(Oh, just to hear the foot of him come soundin' on the floor!)
I'm shakin' with the joy of it to set the turf ablaze,
And lay the table decent and be waitin' at the door.
Oh, it's I'm the old fool woman, but it's this I'm bold to do;
It's twenty years come Hallowmas I'm walkin' in the black,
And I've bought myself a kerchief and the color of it's blue,
(Sure, his father would n't mind it) when Himself comes back.

Theodosia Garrison.

THE SILVER LINING.

"OH, cheer up, old fellow!" said the optimistic member of the
lank and long-suffering firm of village lawyers. "We are
pretty well off, after all, everything considered. We have a large
and respectable clientage, and—"

"Huh!" retorted the pessimistic and especially-hungry member
of same combination. "We have
n't got anybody
on the string but
Biggs and Poor."

"Well, Biggs is
large and Poor is
respectable. And,
then, we've got a
million dollars'-
worth of pros-
pects, a few law
books of our own
of at least nominal
value, and several
others that would
be worth consider-
able to the parties
we borrowed them
from if they had
them back; we
have a table that's
got three good
legs, four chairs
that would cer-
tainly be worth
eighty-five cents a
piece if they were
new; we have a
view from this
window that is
finer than a hun-
dred-thousand-
dollar painting;
and in the cup-
board there's a
demijohn that will
bear looking into



ANOTHER OF HER SPECIALTIES.

HIS WIFE.—Goodness, Tom! I can't find room for those things of yours.
TOM.—You can if you try, darling. You should have seen the trunks that mother
used to pack.



HIS EXPERIENCE.

FARMER HAYFIELD.—It must be derved expensive living in
New York.

FARMER OATBINN (*just back*).—It is. But not so expensive
'ez living in Moodus and visiting New York.

occasionally. Oh, I tell you, we are not half as bad off as we might
be—why, looky here! we might, for instance, be clients of a firm
like this, predestined, in all probability, to lose our cases and be stuck
for the costs! Instead, we are a pair of rising lawyers who are going

out, the first thing
you know, and en-
joy a couple of
oyster stews; I
know where there
is a fellow who has
n't been in town so
long but what I
can borrow half-
a-dollar from him.
Mebby I can
make it seventy-
five; in which
event we'll have
celery with those
oysters! Come
along!"

Tom P. Morgan.

RAPID.

"He says that
he made only a
flying visit to the
city."

"Well, he told
me that he had a
bird of a time."

DOING.

"New doctor,
eh? Has he done
you good?"

"Well, I've
been done bet-
ter."

Wealth may not always bring happiness, but a great many of us would
be willing to take it on trial.

CACTUS CENTRE—A STUDY IN CORRUPTION.

BY INKUM STEBBINS, OF MCC—'S MAGAZINE.



THOSE who read my articles on "Frog Hollow: A Village Ashamed," and "Red Dog, a Naughty, Naughty Town," doubtless thought I had exposed the limit of corruption in office. But Cactus Centre puts Frog Hollow and Red Dog in the Sunday School class. Cactus Centre is the most corrupt place of one hundred and sixty inhabitants in the United States, and the people seem to glory in the fact. In Frog Hollow there has been some effort at reform. When the postmaster was caught reading Ike Smithers' circular letters he was warned that a second offense would cause Frog Hollowites to get all their mail at Tank Vista. This cleared the air of corruption, and, temporarily at least, Frog Hollow held up its head among villages. Red Dog, too, had a spasm of virtue when the justice of the peace was caught trading county stationery for fresh eggs. The justice was compelled to change his stationery to the township brand, and the people triumphed in their righteousness. But Cactus Centre seems to glory in its corruption. There is no shaming this town. The best I can hope to get out of it is two or three libel suits and an increase of fifty or sixty on our magazine subscription list.

The first person I visited was the coroner, Jake Teeters. Jake is also township road commissioner, constable, janitor of the village school, and keeper of the pound. This gave me a chance to study the corruption of Cactus Centre in all its forms, without wasting much time on different assignments. As road commissioner Jake could not be worse. I have positive evidence that he let Peter Guffey's assessment slide on condition that he should receive a keg of Peter's best cider. As a result the road in front of Peter's house is in bad condition and Jake, as road commissioner, has been full on hard cider half the winter.

As constable Jake could not be more venal if he had held a postoffice job at Washington for a quarter of a century. I have found out that he let Willie Saffles out of jail in less than an hour after Willie had been caught with his pockets stuffed full of Farmer Bingle's apples. A few apples and a few tears induced Jake to forget his sworn duties as an officer of the law and release this hardened offender who is a terror to all the orchards and vineyards around Cactus Centre.

It did not take me long in Cactus Centre to find out that Jake owes his appointment as school janitor to favoritism, and that his election as pound-keeper was the result of the work of a corrupt political ring. This ring meets at the cross-roads grocery every evening. It occupies the sidewalk in Summer and the space about the stove in Winter. It dictates who shall hold the offices of the township. Jake himself is the ringleader of this corrupt political machine, and he does more whittling and more dictating than all the rest of the grocery-store politicians put together, and the people seem to be content to let him put all the offices his way. One or two people to whom I broached the subject of a change held up their hands in horror at the idea, saying that Jake had got a new horse-block in front of the church and had otherwise done a heap for the town.

I have concluded to quit doing missionary work in a place that can be bought by the gift of a horse-block. Cactus Centre, with its Poo-Bah, is evidently the paradise of the grafter, the boodler, and the political parasite. New York is willing to be reformed once in a while, but Cactus Centre never will be as long as Jake Teeters holds the reins.

Be sure to read next month's article, in which I will take the skin off the corrupt bosses and heelers who have the fair village of Strawberry Corners by the throat.

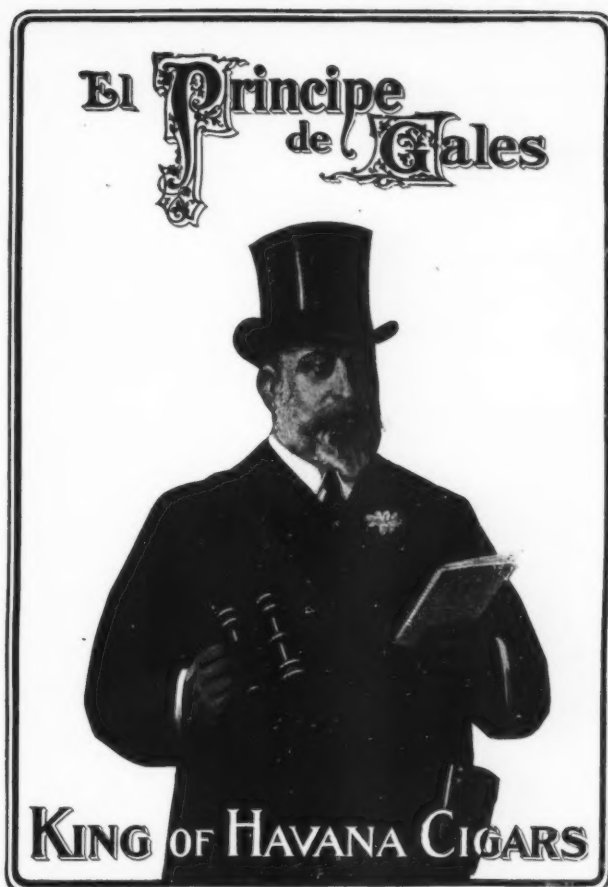
Arthur Chapman.

THERE CAN be no bride without a groom. It seems incredible that a mere groom can be so important, but that such is the case is mathematically demonstrable.



PUTTING IT POLITELY

THE LION.—Excuse me, but I'm looking for some one to do a little interior decoration.



PRACTICAL.

"Do you take any interest in the Shakspear-Bacon controversy?"

"None whatever," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "In fact, I think it has a tendency to keep people at home reading long articles when they might be going to the theatre."—*Washington Star*.

CHURCH.—Don't you think Lipton has an attractive face?

GOHAM.—Well, it's not as attractive as the "mug" he's trying to get.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

MRS. GOTTIT WITHER.—Ah, what did your husband make his money in, my dear?

MRS. SHARPAS CANBY.—Bunches, my dear Mrs. Wither. Bunches!—*Boston Post*.

AN OLD Florida colonel recently met Booker T. Washington, and in a bibulous burst of confidence said to the negro educator:

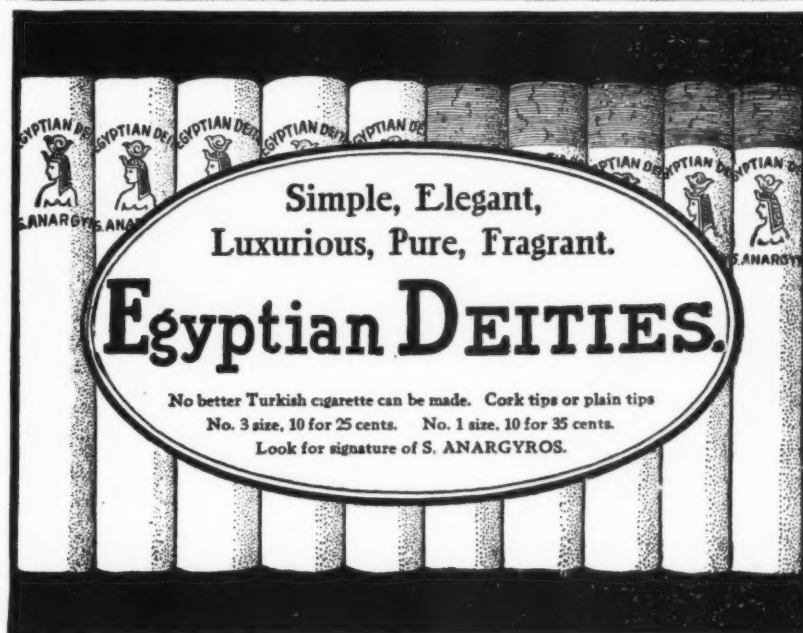
"Suh, I'm glad to meet you. Always wanted to shake your hand, suh. I think, suh, you're the greatest man in America."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Washington.

"You are, suh," said the colonel, and then, pugnaciously: "Who's greater?"

"Well," said the founder of Tuskegee, "there's President Roosevelt."

"No, suh," roared the colonel. "Not by a jugful; I used to think so, but since he invited you to dinner I think he's a blank scoundrel."—*Everybody's Magazine*.



"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 23d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

SHE.—Does he go in for golf?
HE.—Oh, yes, fluently.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore, Md.

CHURCH.—What in the world is that man throwing boots at over in the lot? Is he crazy?

GOTHAM.—No; there's going to be a wedding in the family, and that's part of the rehearsal.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

GUY CHUMLEIGH.—I feel as if I were throwing myself away on that girl. Our house is one of the greatest in England.

DEARBORN STREET.—Well, her father's packing house is one of the biggest in Bridgeport.—*Boston Post*.

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Red
Top
Rye
IT'S RIGHT!"

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"There is safety in numbers," said the man who gets his thoughts ready made.

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "especially when the numbers are written in your bank book."—*Washington Star*.

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE,

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet, and makes walking easy. Cures swollen, sweating feet, ingrowing nails, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it *to-day*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, L. E. Roy, N. Y.

THE INDIGNANT LEGISLATOR.

"I am willing," said the Missouri boodle legislator with seething indignation in his tones, "to wager every cent I got that I never got a cent!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

HIS NARROW LOGIC.

"If I had my way," said the man of high principles, "there would be no money in politics."

"But," said Senator Sorghum; "if you did n't put any money in politics it is n't likely you could have your way."—*Washington Star*.

"I suppose," said the advertising man, "you will want a position for your advertisement next to pure reading matter."

"Oh, no!" replied the advertiser, "as I'm after the swell trade you'd better put it next to the report of some society scandal or divorce case."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.



AN ANXIOUS INQUIRY.

HER FATHER.—What do yo' do fo' a libbin', Mistah Jonsing?

HER ADMIRER.—I pick winnahs, sah.

HER FATHER.—Golly! But do yo' feel shore yo' 's got a stiddy job?

Knowing physicians prescribe Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, to tone up the system—they know Abbott's will meet every requirement. All druggists. Our sales are enormous and continually on the increase: Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. It is the best on the market.

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Hunter Baltimore Rye

has made it

The Most Popular Whiskey in America

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers. WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

TOO RISKY.

CURATE.—Your Grace, shall I use the prayer for rain?

BISHOP (consulting barometer).—Not to-day, my brother.—*N. Y. Times*.

OUT OF THE STRUGGLE.

DICK.—Those folks next door have an awful good time.

DORA.—How?

DICK.—Oh, they don't go anywhere, and they don't entertain.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"WERE N'T some of those transactions by which you profited a trifle irregular?"

"Not for me," answered Senator Sorghum. "They were quite the usual thing."—*Washington Star*.

CHURCH.—Do you believe water aids digestion?

GOTHAM.—I certainly do.

CHURCH.—Why, then, are there so many undigested securities on the market?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Leave New York 2.45 P. M.; Reach Chicago 9.45 Next Morning — NEW YORK CENTRAL.

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Refreshing, Appetizing,
Satisfying, Easy to Get,
Easy to Serve, Always Ready
Any Dealer Anywhere.

THE POLITICIAN.
Nobody truly understands
Just how his fame extends.
Some men succeed by shaking hands
And some by shaking friends.
—*Washington Star.*

SHE (of the city).—It is quite the
thing now to have dinner right out on
the grass, under the spreading trees.
HE (of the country).—Gosh, yes;
our cows do that same thing every day.
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

SOUBRETTE.—Why did you tell
Geezer, the comedian, you could n't
pay his salary this week? Are we
broke?

MANAGER.—No, but the tragedian
is sick and I want to make Geezer
gloomy.—*Boston Post.*

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Mountains,
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or the
Picnic.



Manhattan,
Martini,
Whiskey,
Holland
Gin,
Tom Gin,
Vermouth
and
York.

All ready for use, require no mixing. Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one bottled and aged must be the better. For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S., and all druggists and dealers.
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LIMBS LOOKED FAMILAR.

ETHEL.—Oh, Algy! I wonder what it is?
ALGY.—By Jove! Don'tcherknow, I weally and twuly believe
it's one of those things they get fwogs' legs fwom!

Health of body and strength of mind are represented
in Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters—the best
known tonic for blood and nerves. All druggists.

INDIVIDUAL IMPORTANCE.
"This mighty world was made for me!"
You hear the egotist exclaim.
The ant, the cricket and the bee,
If they could speak, would say the
same.—*Washington Star.*

UNCLE REUBEN SAYS:
If we could go back an' lib our lives
ober agin none of us would make de
mistakes we hev. We'd simply make
others just as bad. Fact is, Natur'
calkerlated on a man pickin' up a bum-
ble bee by de wrong eand now an den.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

CITIMAN.—You hear of "journey-
men carpenters," "journeymen plum-
bers" and all that, but you never hear
of "journeymen" at all. Funny,
is n't it?

SUBBUBS.—Yes, it certainly should
be proper to speak of "journeymen
cooks." They merely journey from
place to place.—*Catholic Standard
and Times.*

BIG DEEDS are often but glass while
the little ones are diamonds.—*Ram's
Horn.*

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1824
A. D.
ANGOSTURA
BITTERS
IN ALL FANCY DRINKS

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Dr. A. Groyen, Royal Medical Staff, Berlin, recommends Angostura Bitters as follows:
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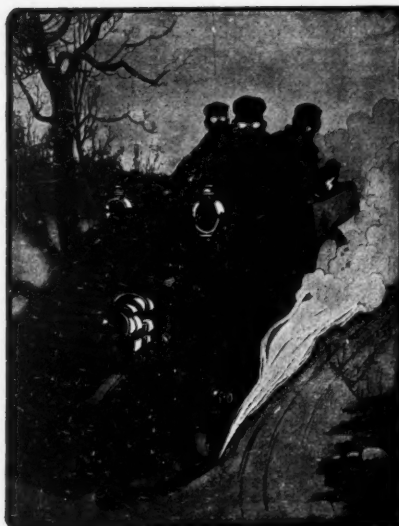
IN response to the many requests for original drawings of pictures that have appeared in PUCK, the publishers are now selling them to persons wishing them to use for decorative purposes. These drawings by PUCK'S artists are in various methods,—pen and ink, "wash," crayon, pencil, etc. The original drawing is from three to four times as large as the printed reproduction.

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There is no more exhilarating sport or recreation than automobil- ing. The pleasure of a spin over country roads or through city park is greatly enhanced if the basket is well stocked with

Dewar's Scotch "White Label"

the popular brand both in this and the old country. "There is no Scotch like Dewar's," is a proverb among connoisseurs.

AN AUTOMOBILING POSTER

"Automobiling" (copyright 1903, by Frederick Glassup) is an original drawing by E. N. Blue, shown herewith. Printed in four colors on heavy plate paper, without advertisement, and sent to any ad- dress on receipt of 10 cents in silver. Suitable for framing in club-house or home. Next month, a de- lightful camp scene by the famous artist, Ray Brown.

FREDERICK GLASSUP
Sole Agent for John Dewar & Sons, Ltd.
126 Bleecker Street, New York



"Pop, what is a valedictorian?"

"A valedictorian, my son, is the one who speaks last."

"Then mamma is a valedictorian, isn't she, pop?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

Pears'

Pears' soap is dried a whole year. That's why it lasts so. It wears as thin as a wafer.

Sold all over the world.

We wonder if a man with his hair dyed feels any younger.—*Washington Democrat.*



40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.
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MAE.—How is it that Mr. Frost is so cordially liked by every one?

TOMME.—Oh, he has such a good memory that he knows exactly what to forget, and when.

The Next Time You Feel Tired

Try an Angostura Phosphate, made from Dr. Sie- gert's Angostura Bitters. At all soda fountains.

TOUR TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account
G. A. R. National Encampment.

On account of the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at San Francisco, Cal., August 17 to 22, the Penn- sylvania Railroad Company offers a per- sonally-conducted tour to the Pacific Coast at remarkably low rates.

Tour will leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other points on the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburg, Thursday, August 6, by special train of the highest grade Pullman equipment. An entire day will be spent at the Grand Canyon of Arizona, two days at Los Angeles, and visits of a half day or more at Pasadena, Santa Barbara, Del Monte, and San Jose. Three days will be spent in San Francisco during the Encampment. A day will be spent in Portland on the return trip, and a complete tour of the Yellowstone Park, covering six days, returning directly to destination via Billings and Chicago, and arriving Washing- ton, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York September 1.

Round-trip rate, covering all expenses for twenty-seven days, except three days spent in San Francisco, \$215; two in one berth, \$200 each.

Round-trip rate, covering all expenses to Los Angeles, including transportation, meals in dining car, and visits to Grand Canyon and Pasadena, and transportation only through California and returning to the East by October 15, via any direct route, includ- ing authorized stop-overs, \$115; two in one berth, \$105 each. Returning via Portland \$11 additional will be charged.

Rates from Pittsburg will be five dollars less in each case.

For full information apply to Ticket Agents, or Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bun- ner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and orig- inality.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Delightful Summer Reading

The Suburban Sage

Mr. Bunner in the present vol- ume writes in his most happy mood.—*Boston Times.*

Bunner's Short Stories

Short Sixes

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.—*Pittsburg's Dispatch.*

More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—*Boston Times.*

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A QUESTION.

Too! Too! Too! To-o-o-o-t!
 "Oh, John," cried Mrs. Savyns, as she heard the tooting, "run to the window quick and see whether that's the Uptons' automobile or the ragman."—*New York Times*.

HE.—I suppose that graduation essay of yours took considerable time to write?

SHE.—Yes, indeed! I really don't know just how many hours papa did spend on it!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

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 32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street, New York.
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 All kinds of Paper made to order.

UNCLE REUBEN SAYS:

Dar' hain't any speshial call, as I knows on, fur a man to make a liar of hisself to please a woman, but at de same time he's little short of a fule if he don't git around to obsarve dat she's lookin' five y'ars younger dan she did last week.—*Detroit Free Press*.

GYPSIES SHOULD STUDY LAW.

BURGLAR BILL.—These gypsies don't know anything. One of em' told Gory Gus that he'd die on the gallows.

DYNAMITE DAN.—Well, did n't he?

BURGLAR BILL.—Naw. He died of old age while waitin' for a new trial.—*New York Weekly*.

EXPLAINING HER DROWSINESS.

"The hot weather affects Mrs. Blodgers dreadfully. Do you notice how sleepy it makes her early every evening?"

"Yes, I have noticed it. I believe it's partly accounted for by the fact that she never fails to wake her husband up at four o'clock in the morning to ask him if he thinks it will be a hot day."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

REDUCED RATES TO ASHEVILLE.

Pennsylvania Railroad will sell on account of the meeting of the National Dental Association, Asheville, N. C., round trip tickets on July 21st, 22nd, 25th and 26th, good to return until August 2nd, at rate of \$23.85 from New York.

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A GENEROUS IMPULSE.
 "Suppose you succeed in owning the earth," said the abrupt man, "what good will it do you?"
 "Well," answered the trust promoter, "I'm naturally a man of hospitable instincts. There will be a kind of satisfaction in feeling that I am permitting other people to inhabit this globe."—*Washington Star*.

HER VIEW OF IT.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, disgustedly, as she came to the most interesting part only to read 'to be continued.' "I don't see why they call these things 'continued stories.'"

"No?" queried her husband, politely.

"No, they should be called 'discontinued stories.'"—*Philadelphia Press*.



THE LOOT VARIES.

THE CUSTOMER.—Phwat do it cost yez fer rint fer a shtrethand loike this?

THE MERCHANT.—Oh! It justa go by how mucha hungry d' policemen are.

USEFUL.

"Why don't you try to be of some use in society?"

"Mister," answered Meandering Mike, "I'm useful. I'm here fur philanthropists dat has n't quite worked up to givin' away libraries to practice on."—*Washington Star*.

RIVALS.

PERCY.—My papa owns a newspaper!

JIMMIE.—Dat's nuthin'; I buy and sell sixty of 'em every day.—*N. Y. Times*.

MRS. GLITTER.—The baron cannot sing to-night; he left his notes at his hotel.

Mr. GLITTER.—Well, that's all right, so long as he does n't want to borrow some from somebody else.—*Yonkers Herald*.

A PORTENTOUS REVIVAL.

"It looks as if we were in for another Napoleonic revival."

"What makes you think so?"

"I understand the Lime and Plaster club has revived the old debating question, 'Resolved, dat Bonaparte am a greater man dan Napoleon.'"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

JINKS.—He says the public is blind to his good deeds.

BLINKS.—Well, we must confess we can't see them.—*Yonkers Herald*.

The Highest

Perfection

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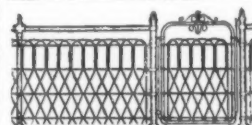


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Per dozen pints, \$1.50

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT COMPANY,
 New York Agents

When a woman goes visiting, she always copies a lot of recipes out of the cook books where she is a guest.—*Washington Democrat*.



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Weather Proof

Retains its shape and rigidity a lifetime. The correct fence for lawns, parks, cemeteries, etc. Woven throughout of double galvanized steel wire. Catalog (free) shows many other styles at 10c. to 50c. a foot.

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Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

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taste, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals on wood while cleaning them. 25c. in box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c. stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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WHEN THE BOLD BUCCANEER RETURNED.

OUT FROM his sand-walled treasure cove
The ancient pirate came;
Out to the beach that he used to rove,
But the beach seemed not the same.
For he saw no more the rakish ships
As he did in days of old;
Nor comrades bold in the brights and slips
Sinking stout caskets of gold.

But far away as the eye could reach
He saw the Summer hotels,
That loomed above the wave-kissed beach
Like strange, gigantic shells.
And he flirted, too, with the bathing girls
Disporting out in the brine;
And gazed in awe at the curves and whirls
Of the sea-front trolley line.

The freebooter braved the ceaseless din
Where the golf club congregates,
And strolled to the desk of the Coral Inn
And asked for the current rates.
They told him the scale by week and day
And gasping, he reached the door,
And slunk away where his comrades lay
To sleep a century more.

"Ho! Ho!" said he. "Some pirates
are there
Even as long in the past,
But they don't sail out to do and dare
With a black flag at the mast.
They burn no luring beacons by night,
Nor list for the clipper's bells;
They settle down where the sand is white
And run the Summer hotels!"

Victor A. Hermann.

